

Table of Contents

Preface

- 1 What the Hedgehog Knows
- 2 When Irish Eyes Are Crying
- 3 Mumbai's the Word
- <u>4 The Rules of Perspective</u>
- 5 Beauty and the Beast
- 6 Attitude or Gratitude?
- 7 Poisoned by Celebrity
- 8 Steady As She Goes
- 9 Fujimori
- 10 Crime and Punishment
- 11 The Cult of Insincerity
- 12 Let Them Inherit Debt
- 13 We Are All Guilty
- 14 Please Feel My Pain
- 15 Thank You For Not Expressing Yourself
- <u> 16 Steel Yourself</u>
- 17 The New Faith, Hope and Charity
- 18 The Machine
- 19 Of Snobbery and Soccer
- 20 Destructive Preservation
- 21 Metsu-Metsu
- 22 A Version of Conversion
- 23 Beauty and the Best
- 24 Evil Be Thou My Evil
- 25 Anyone for Bunga-Bunga?
- 26 Of Termites & Mad Dictators
- 27 Sewer Thing
- 28 The Baseness of Acid
- 29 The Rape of Innocence
- 30 Who Is to Blame?
- 31 The Meaning of Pyongyang
- 32 Of Love, etc.
- 33 Knowledge Without Knowledge

- 34 Forgiveness Is a Kind of Wild Justice
- 35 The End of Charity
- 36 All's Fair in Politics and Celebrity
- 37 To Judge By Appearances
- <u>38 It's a Riot</u>
- 39 Fairly Just
- <u>40 Strictly for the Birds</u>
- 41 Haydn Seek
- 42 A Doctor Writes

Farewell Fear

Theodore Dalrymple

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Preface

Reflection on the small change of life soon leads to deeper questions – at least, such has long been my belief, or perhaps my hope. It is also my hope that the following short essays, published by the *New English Review* over a period of three years, bear out my belief.

We take a lot of pride, partly justified, in the fact that ours is the age of information. It is certainly true, as I have found, that it is now possible to do in an afternoon, comfortably sitting in one's room, research that would once have taken months, if it could have been done at all. For example, I no longer have to trudge to the library to look up a single entry in the *Dictionary of National Biography*: what once took up a whole afternoon, and sapped my energy, both prospectively and retrospectively, now takes considerably less than five minutes. It is wonderful.

But information without perspective – here I shamefacedly admit that I am quoting myself – is a higher form of ignorance. Information, be it ever so copious, will not by itself result in truth, much less in wisdom. Reflection on the meaning of information is at least as important as the information itself. The best informed man is not necessarily the wisest, therefore, or the surest guide to any subject.

I hope these little essays conduce to wisdom and intellectual honesty (another frequent casualty of a surfeit of information).

I am grateful to Rebecca Bynum on a number of grounds: first for having asked me to write for the *New English Review*; second for suggesting that my essays might be put in a book; and third for her editorial assistance. Thank you.

1 - What the Hedgehog Knows

Being a scholar of nothing, I allow my intellectual interest to wander hither and yon. Or perhaps it is because I allow my intellectual interest to wander hither and yon that I am a scholar of nothing. Be that as it may, I admire specialists and am grateful to them for their researches, but I could never be one myself. Whenever it is imperatively necessary for me to read a book pursuant to something that I am currently writing about, I immediately lose interest in it, as I lose my appetite in a restaurant if I wait too long for the food to arrive; and then I want to read about something else entirely.

And so it was when, at a time when I was supposed to be writing about the methadone treatment of heroin addiction (methadone kills more people in Dublin than heroin), I wandered into a bookshop in Lower Baggot Street in Dublin that sold cheap remaindered books, that I bought a book about hedgehogs. It wasn't a very good book, as it turned out, and was written in that jocular fashion in which people who are enthusiastic or passionate about something nowadays feel it necessary to write, for fear of appearing solemn or of revealing too much of themselves. But the book was just what I wanted to divert me from what I ought to have been reading.

I have always found hedgehogs rather appealing, though I am afraid that (before I bought this book) my knowledge of them had not advanced very much beyond that acquired when I read *The Tale of Mrs Tiggy-Winkle* at the age of six. Of course, I knew that hedgehogs did not really do the laundry for other creatures such as wrens and rabbits; and from personal observation I knew that, far from being clean, they were often alive with fleas. But I did not know that those fleas were specific to hedgehogs; numbered on average 100 per host; appeared so prominent to casual observers such as I because the hedgehogs that most people encounter are ill and the fleas are preparing to abandon the sinking insectivore, as it were; or that the flourishing hedgehogs of New Zealand (that were introduced into the country in the nineteenth century to Anglicise its landscape and fauna) do not have fleas, and that therefore the fleas serve no symbiotic purpose for the hedgehog.

There were other facts I learned, for example that the top speed of a hedgehog is five and a half miles an hour, though the book did not inform the reader how long it can keep it up. Even in my early sixties, my top speed is probably quite impressive; less so is the number of yards for which I can sustain it. I learnt also that the hedgehog wanders up to a mile and a half at night, and that it hibernates not from metabolic necessity to avoid the cold but because of the decline in its food supply.

Part of the delight of these facts for me was their complete irrelevance to anything else with which I normally concern myself. This reassured me that my interest in the world is, at least in part, disinterested, that I like knowledge for its own sake: and since knowledge for its own sake is a noble thing, that I am in part, or at least sometimes capable of being in part, noble.

But the book also promised (though it did not really deliver) an insight into the peculiar human world of hedgehog enthusiasts, of whose existence I became aware quite by chance.

A friend of mine, aware that I did not have a television, desired to prove to me the genius of the British comedian, Sacha Baron Cohen, and therefore sat me down to watch an episode of the television series in which Baron Cohen plays Ali G, a suburban white boy who wants to be a black ghetto boy. And Baron Cohen mastered the gestures and patois of the ghetto culture brilliantly.

Many prominent people were invited to interview by Ali G; the circumstances and reasons for the interviews were grossly misrepresented to them, and in the event they were often made to look very foolish since they did not understand the joke, or indeed that it was a joke. Some people might say that public figures such as politicians were fair game, that they could have been expected to look after themselves; but if we expect politicians not to deceive us, surely it is incumbent on us not to deceive them. The joke was a good one (if quickly grasped and therefore limited); but the extraction of a laugh at someone's expense, even if that person is not estimable, procured by unethical behaviour, does not justify the unethical behaviour necessary to extract it. Entertainment is not the only good, much less the highest good.

In any case, the people satirised by Ali G in the episode which my friend showed me were not public figures; they had not sought the limelight, nor were they the kind of people who in any way deserved cruel mockery. They were obviously kind and harmless, completely naïve in the ways of

television or show business. They were people who went round the countryside rescuing injured hedgehogs, restoring them to health and returning them to nature. (One of the questions that the book answered was whether rescued hedgehogs survive when returned to nature, the answer being in the affirmative).

The kindness and innocence of the hedgehog rescuers was obvious and yet they were held up to ridicule, only that millions of people might have a moment's laughter. I thought this repellently exploitative and unscrupulous: satire is often necessarily hurtful to the satirised, but its object should be worthy of satire. There is not so much kindness and innocence in the world that it should be publicly mocked.

In fact, it is rather difficult to believe that those who interest themselves practically in the welfare of hedgehogs can be bad people. When I bought the book, the man at the till – who had a kind and gentle face himself – said that he had thought the book might be interesting. I mentioned that there were surprisingly many people who interested themselves in hedgehogs, and that they were probably very different in character from those (of whom there were also many) who interested themselves in snakes.

'I would imagine so,' said the bookseller. 'Personally, I would be more inclined to the hedgehog people than to the snake people.'

Indeed so; though the generalisation behind his preference would be open to exception. I have known in my life only one professional herpetologist, and he was a splendid, if somewhat reckless, character. And recently I read the autobiography (called *A Venemous Life*) of an Australian doctor, Professor Struan Sutherland, who alas died comparatively young of a rare neurological condition, who developed anti-venoms to the poisonous creatures of Australia. Sutherland was a fine man, humorous, self-deprecating and dedicated to saving people's lives. No one has died of the bite of the funnel-web spider – said to be the world's most dangerous spider - since he developed the anti-venom to it.

But nevertheless, the generalisation probably holds: a visit to a pet shop specialising in snakes and gila monsters, and observation of its clientele, will be enough to convince the average person of this.

No doubt there will be many people (other than Ali G) who find the notion of hedgehog rescue ridiculous. They will say, rightly, that there are

many more important problems in the world than that of injured hedgehogs, or even of the decline in hedgehog numbers. And, of course, they are quite right. When one reads that more than a million people a year die of malaria, the fate of the hedgehog seems not of the first importance.

But should people devote themselves only to the things that are of the most importance? What would a society be like in which people did so? It would not be much fun, I imagine.

Let us, for the sake of argument, say that we could rank all the problems in the world in a rational order of importance, from most to least. This, of course, would require what is almost certainly impossible to find, a common measure of importance: a measure impossible to find for a number of philosophical reasons, among them that importance is a non-natural quality ascribed to facts about the world by a mind that finds meaning in them according to its own lights. But, I repeat, let us just suppose that there were a Richter scale of the importance of problems.

The rationalist would say that human energy should be directed at those problems in proportion to their importance. If we decided, for example, that the problem of malaria was 100,000,000 times more serious than that of the decline of the numbers of hedgehogs in the wild, then it would follow that 100,000,000 times more energy should go into the solution of the former than into the solution of the latter.

If this were the case, it is probable that no effort whatsoever would go into the preservation of hedgehogs, which might then die out. And I feel, though I cannot prove, that a world without hedgehogs would be a slightly impoverished world. I acknowledge that there is an element of inconsistent nature mysticism in this – I certainly do not feel the same about the possible extinction of all other species, of *Ascaris lumbricoides*, for example, the large roundworm that inhabits the intestines of humans, particularly children, and that not only causes ill-health but is aesthetically disgusting – but if we must justify our feelings from unshakeable and utterly consistent first principles we shall soon have no feelings left to justify. And, of course, once the hedgehog is extinct it is – barring advances in technology that are for the moment in the realm of science fiction – extinct forever. No one will ever again have the pleasure of seeing a live dodo.

Now the fact is that a good and enjoyable human life is composed of many small pleasures. A man who devotes himself to raising herbs for